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THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Tex

CHARLES N. WATKINS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947*

I FIRST MET TEX WHEN I TRANSFERRED TO THE MILITARY Police. He was in charge of the Military Police at the small air field where we were stationed in South Carolina. While I knew him, he was a private first class. Before that, however, he had held higher ranks, from corporal to staff sergeant. At more or less regular intervals, he had been court-martialed and "broken" to private; then he would work his way up to his former rating — just how, no one knew.

He stood about five feet and ten inches tall and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. He would have been rather handsome except that his face was always flushed, and he was invariably in need of a barber. As a rule, his hat hung over one eye and rested on one ear. Certainly he was not a model soldier in appearance.

Because of Tex's disposition and my small size, I feared him. He and I would often be on the same shift at night, cooped up in the little eight-by-eight gate shack at the entrance to the air field. As he was usually in an alcoholic stupor, it was no pleasure to work with him. When drunk, he became aggressive and pugilistic. I remember one night especially: Tex staggered into the shack at midnight, smelling of whiskey; his face was more flushed than usual, and I knew that I would be lucky to get away from him without trouble of some sort.

Grabbing me by my tie, he pulled me close and yelled in my face, "Hey, Bo, you from Texas?"

"Yes." I am not from Texas, but it seemed easier to agree.

"Ain't it one hell of a good state?"

"Yes."

"Well, dammit, don't you know nothin' but 'yes'?"

And so the conversation went, until I finally escaped by reminding him repeatedly that I had to make a tour of the field to inspect the buildings.

Tex was a bully, but he loved a fight and could, as he often said himself, "whip any man I ever seed." He possessed incredible courage, and he had no fear of physical odds however great. One night, the telephone in the gate shack rang; I answered it. It was the station master at the depot in town. He was greatly excited, but managed, between gasps, to tell me that there was a riot in progress at the station. A shipment of soldiers, he said, had been waiting to change trains and were now fighting with civilians, chasing girls around the waiting room, and causing much damage in general. All this



I relayed to Tex, who had been lying on the bench with his revolver in hand waiting for a mouse to reappear from behind some boxes in the corner. Jumping up, he grabbed a sub-machine gun, a carbine, and a club from our weapon box, and ran for the jeep. "Shouldn't I get some of the boys to go with you?" I shouted after him. "You'll get killed down there alone!" "I'll take care of 'em," he snarled.

I watched him drive toward town; the fabric top of the jeep was flopping in the breeze, and the red tail-light moved rapidly out of my sight. During the next half hour, I reached for the telephone several times to call the Officer of the Day to ask him to send more men to the station to help Tex; but for some reason, I did not lift the receiver from the phone. Then I heard the jeep returning. Opening the gate house door, I stepped outside as Tex skidded to a stop a few inches in front of me. His shirt was in tatters, and blood streamed from his nose, but he was happy, for his crimson face was split in half by a wide Texas grin. In the back of the jeep lay two soldiers, both of them unconscious. "Got everything quiet," he said. "I'll take these damn fools over to the dispensary. Well, stop yer gawking, Bo."

In spite of, or rather because of, his roughness, Tex had a certain amount of charm about him, for he attracted many women. These women, however, were usually lewd and promiscuous, and, nine times out of ten, fat, forty, and already married. One night he came to work with his face cut into ribbons. He was in an ugly mood, and I dared not ask him immediately about his butchered face, but by careful, cautious questions and some false sympathy, I learned the cause of his wounds. It seems that he had been in a woman's bedroom when her husband came home. Rather than be caught and turned over to the police, the intoxicated Tex had jumped through the window, glass and all, to safety. Said he, concerning the incident, "That gal better not cross my path again. I ain't got no use for a woman that double-crosses me." He never showed remorse for his own sins. It never entered his mind that *he* might be wrong.

But, in contrast to his immorality and roughness was his love of animals. He loved dogs especially and would often spend hours playing with one. There was one dog in particular of which he was very fond; he stayed in the gate house most of the time. Tex would bring choice morsels of food from the mess hall and pilfer bottles of milk from the commissary for him. If Tex went anywhere in the jeep, the dog had to go along riding on the seat beside him. Early one morning, Tex's dog "meandered" across the state highway and a car struck him, breaking his back. Tex, hearing the dog's agonized yelp, left the gate shack running. Gathering the dog up in his arms, he cursed the hit-and-run driver with curses that made my blood run cold. The dog was slowly dying, and I finally convinced Tex that he must be shot. He shot

the dog with his service revolver and then buried him at the side of the road. Coming back to the gate shack, he cried silently for a long time.

Yes, Tex was vulgar and rough-mannered, he had no sense of morals, he was inclined to drink more than was good for him, and he was surly and argumentative; his only commendable feature was his love for animals. I often wonder what his childhood was, who his parents were, and in what kind of environment he had been reared. Life must not have been too kind to him.

## Fat, Dumb, and Happy

JOHN F. MAY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947*

FAT, DUMB, AND HAPPY — THAT'S WHAT I HAD BEEN. As I dragged along toward the "Old Man's" office, I realized that my career as a fighter pilot was about to come to an abrupt close — and after only one mission! The events of the last few hours kept marching through my mind like the members of a chain gang, each man representing a glaring mistake. In one mission I had probably done every wrong thing known to the history of aviation.

Not more than four hours before, I had been king of the universe. Only those who have strapped a Mustang to their backs and have felt sixteen hundred horsepower pulling them through the sky can imagine what it feels like to fly high altitude escort.

You survey the world from a goldfish bowl — the other members of your formation, with their yellow and black checkered noses, and the never-ending stream of bombers droning on and on. Four or five miles below you patches of white clouds reflect the sunshine in the clear air like a sparkling Monday wash. You stroke the pistol-like trigger on the control stick. Under one finger you have all the fire power of a complete infantry battalion. Here is the feeling of tremendous strength and power that has been the Waterloo of many green pilots.

I laughed when I thought of the C. O.'s parting words. He had put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Now be careful on this first hop. Don't do anything fancy. Just get there and get back. If you get through this one, the rest of your tour will be a breeze. Above all, don't lose your flight leader."

My train of thoughts was interrupted by a crackling voice on the radio. Captain "Whip" Tanner, my flight leader, snapped, "Bogies at six o'clock high." Unidentified aircraft approaching! I snapped on the master switches for the gun-sight and the machine guns. "Here we go," I thought. "Those two long years of training are going to pay off at last."



The next thing I knew, there were two bomb-shaped objects heading right for my ship. "Whip" had dropped his external gas tanks right in front of me. I pulled back violently on the stick to get over them and spasmodically squeezed the trigger at the same time. I sprayed that area of German sky full of fifty-calibre slugs. I looked up quickly, fully expecting to see "Whip's" ship going down in smoke. He looked O. K., however, and was diving straight down, so I dropped my tanks, peeled off, and followed him. The major's words kept going through my head, "Above all, don't lose your flight leader." We were diving now. The airspeed was dangerously close to the speed of sound. "What's he trying to do," I wondered, "pull off our wings?" Suddenly I realized that my engine was silent! After pulling out of the dive, I checked the instruments. Everything seemed perfect, and yet the engine refused to run. No place to land, nothing but forest. I reached for the lever that would jettison the canopy so that I could bail out. Just then I noticed that the gas tank selector valve, which was right above this lever, was still turned to external tanks. I had dropped my combat tanks and had forgotten to change over to the internal tanks. The engine caught immediately, and I started home. I couldn't find any ships in the sky. Among other things, I had committed the unpardonable sin of losing my flight leader. If it is possible for a Mustang to fly back to England with its tail between its legs, then mine did.

"Well, it's over now," I thought, as I reluctantly approached the orderly's desk. "I'll probably be counting chocolate bars in a P. X. for the rest of the war." The sergeant said with a grin, "Go right in; they're waiting for you." Just then the door burst open and out poured a swarm of people including "Whip," my C. O., and some Public Relations men. While someone flashed pictures, I was congratulated by all, slapped on the back, and offered a shot of brandy. "You're the first man in our outfit to shoot down an enemy plane on a first mission," the Major roared. "Whip" said, "You got him before I even got my gun switch on." "What plane?" I asked. They all laughed. I was never able to convince the squadron that I hadn't seen a thing when I was spraying my guns all over Germany. There must be some great power who looks out for fat, dumb, and happy pilots.

### **Definition: Clouds**

Whether it is cloudy or not may sometimes be determined by the presence of clouds, of which there are two basic types — white and black. The black clouds are merely smoke; we shall not discuss them. Logically enough, the white clouds are classified according to their function. Rain clouds may be identified by the rain descending from them, and storm clouds by their stormy appearance. Disregard all other types of clouds, as they are merely for looks. — LES HOUSER

# So Help Me, God

JIM KOELLER

*Freeport High School Extension, Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947*

I SOLEMNLY SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE truth, and nothing but the truth. So help me, God." If you've ever listened to "Famous Jury Trials" you are probably aware that the above quotation is a court oath required of all witnesses before they testify.

The average American court witness is indeed a pathetic figure. No one rises higher in the annals of foolishness than he in any legal proceeding. Many witnesses are unaware of their rights, which are, by the way, very few. And because of their ignorance of their privileges and their duties, they shine as America's top fools.

Perhaps some day you will be called to court as a witness. Although it may be against your will, do not disregard your subpoena, for by so doing you may be punished for contempt of court.

Before you go to court, however, it would be well for you to remember the following rules: You may speak only when spoken to. You must never volunteer any information. If you persist in talking out of turn or in arguing with the judge, you will be fined for contempt of court. Let your motto be: "Remember John L. Lewis." Unless you have a bulging billfold, convince yourself that the judge is all-wise.

Keep in mind that you took a vow to tell the truth. If you are being paid to testify, admit it. It's not against the law. And if asked if you talked with anyone about the case, admit it. Failure to do so spells humiliation and defeat at the hands of the opposing lawyer.

It is also wise to remember there is no law in the statutes that requires you to answer yes or no to a question posed by an attorney. So beware and be wary of any question that a lawyer wants answered in the pure affirmative or negative. A classic example of this type of question is — "Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer yes or no." You may appeal to the judge if you think any question is unfair.

Always keep in mind that you are only a witness. Give yourself credit for less legal knowledge than you really have. Don't be a know-it-all. Let the counsel for your side take care of all the legal angles. And always give your lawyer time to object before you answer a question.

If you are unacquainted with the ways of laws and lawyers, you may as well reconcile yourself to the fact that you will be befuddled and confused many times while you are in court. But still there is no reason for making yourself Public Fool No. 1. If you allow yourself to remain calm and un-



affected, you are bound to do credit to yourself and to your side of the case, and you can be sure that you will not be an object of pity or ridicule.

Oh yes, one more thing. Don't try to verbally outsmart any of the lawyers. For they are very experienced in twisting both words and thoughts. Perhaps this little conversation between a lawyer and a witness in an accident case will make you aware of that fact:

Lawyer: "You were drinking that night, weren't you?"

Witness: "Yes, a few highballs."

Lawyer: "You drink a great deal, don't you?"

Witness: "That's my business."

Lawyer: "Have you any other business?"

## Fascism

JOHN W. KUNTZ

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1946-1947*

FASCISM MAY BE INTERPRETED IN TWO WAYS: FIRST, as a single form of government found formerly in Italy, and now only in Spain, and second, as any totalitarian form of government. I use the latter interpretation, on the basis that all totalitarian states are much the same, from the administrative standpoint.

There are a number of things that, when tied together, tend to bring about Fascism. It is extremely doubtful that any single factor could elevate a tyrant to power, and practically all Fascist states have a majority of these elements in common.

The initial factor is a sense of national shame. In 1918, two nations, at least, could look backward and see nothing. Germany had known nothing but warlike aggression for half a century. Russia was barely emerging from the feudalistic rule of the Czars, with no cultural or economic advancements since the days of Peter the Great. And even Italy, which rose from the war victorious, could see little improvement over the period prior to 1871, when Garibaldi united the country.

All three of these countries were weakened by the war. Germany was, of course, the heavy loser, not only economically but morally. Her leaders were in disgrace; her young men were gone; and she owed millions in reparations. Russia was faced with much the same situation, aggravated by the bloody revolution of 1917, and the changes in all social, economic, and political ideas.

These two elements, in turn, caused a rebirth of strong national feeling, or intense patriotism. The people looked forward to taking their place among



the greater nations again. As a result, we find a continuous shifting of governments, a trial-and-error method of selecting the type of administration that would best lead them to international prominence. Russia adopted and discarded several closely related types before choosing the strongly communistic form that we know today. Germany also wavered before setting on what we knew as the Third Reich.

These governments developed into definite totalitarian states. In Italy, Benito Mussolini took over the reins of government practically by force, while in Germany, Adolph Hitler combined force and promises so effectively that he was elevated to the Chancellorship by the people's vote. In Russia, as always, the masses of people had very little power. A comparatively small group of men cracked the whip and were constantly vying for the supreme power. The faction led by Josef Stalin was finally successful, whereupon the most important opponent, Leon Trotzky, was banished. It is interesting to note that Stalin represented a national form of communism, while Trotzky advocated international communism.

At first these three men, Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin, were hailed as benefactors. As late as 1932, people in America were hoping "that Roosevelt would do as much for the United States as Mussolini has done for Italy." Hitler, though making his intentions known earlier, had built Germany from a defeated, ill-governed country to a major power, capable of dealing on equal terms with any country in the world. And in Russia, through a series of five- and ten-year plans, Stalin was welding together a nation that, while still far behind the rest of the world in many ways, could command respect and even fear from the other peoples of the earth.

Then came the territorial demands. Germany demanded more land, and got it from a world that had been disarming for twenty years. Italy fought for land, in Ethiopia and Albania, and proved to a still hopeful world that the League of Nations, created as an instrument of peace, was nothing but an empty shell of words. Russia, at this time, was saying nothing, but striving desperately to prepare for the holocaust that it must have known was coming.

At this time, the people of the Fascist states were too subjugated to do much about the monsters they had created. With the possible exception of Russia, these citizens had had, at one time, the power to rid themselves of their rulers; but they were so intent on building up their country that they were blind to the direction in which they were going. Now it was too late. Their only course was to follow their respective leaders and to hope they knew what they were doing.

Fascism never is born full-grown. It is a direct outgrowth of the longing of a people for a stronger government and a better country, and ultimately leads to the loss of all government, and a deeper sense of shame than that which first starts the people on their road to self-destruction.

# Catalyst Cataclysmic— Sarajevo 1914

ROBERT M. ALBERT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 9, 1946-1947*

BY THE SPRING OF 1914 A SERIES OF DIPLOMATIC ALLIANCES and international intrigues had focused the attention of European politics on the unstable mass in the Balkan crucible. This was not a new experiment; exploitation of the Balkans for the defense of the "great powers" had been obvious since the emergence of national states in Europe. Now only one factor—a quick blast to separate the elements into warring factions—was lacking in the mixture. When Franz Ferdinand of Austria was murdered at Sarajevo, Bosnia, the catalyst was in the caldron, and within six weeks Europe was at war. In the light of present developments it is most important that we understand this Balkan nationalistic feeling that culminated in Sarajevo.

The eternal enigma of the crime was, and is, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Even Austrians were uncertain about the purpose and influence of this man; some believed him to be a militarist while others considered him a pacifist. He was equally praised and censured for his plan to unite the Slavic peoples of the Dual Monarchy and to place them on an equal basis with the German and Magyar elements of the population in a system to be known as "Trialism." Whatever value "Trialism" might have had to the Serbs and Bosnians, it was never tried.<sup>1</sup> "Serbia did not want good terms from Austria. Her policy was directed towards the destruction of Austria and to paving the way to it by sowing unrest."<sup>2</sup> Within the Dual Monarchy, the nationalist movement did not really spring from the spirit of the population, but the nationality question was the thorn in the flesh of the young Austrian, especially if he lived in one or another of the frontier zones. Among all nationalities it was diminutive groups of "intellectuals" who first stirred up the fires.<sup>3</sup> Thus we see a murder plotted by a group of Bosnian students who had been expelled from Austrian schools. These students came to be known as *émigrés* when they arrived in Belgrade to plan any number of assassinations to vindicate their personal failures, to avenge Bosnia's oppression by Austria, and to create further unrest against Austria in Slavic countries dominated by the Hapsburgs.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> S. B. Fay, *The Origins of the World War* (New York, 1929), Vol. 2, pp. 1-2.

<sup>2</sup> M. E. Durham, *The Sarajevo Crime* (London, 1925), p. 26.

<sup>3</sup> Kurt Schuschnigg, *My Austria* (New York, 1938), pp. 15-16.

<sup>4</sup> Fay, *op. cit.*, pp. 129-135.



During the Easter season of 1914, the Zagreb newspaper, *Srbobran*, announced that Franz Ferdinand would inspect the Austrian Army in maneuvers in Bosnia. The plotters had previously planned to kill the military governor of Bosnia, General Potiorek, but with publication of the Archduke's projected tour, the three assassins, Princip, Chabrinovitch, and Grabez, gave priority to previous plans to kill the Austrian Heir.<sup>5</sup>

With the aid of the "Black Hand," a terrorist organization which stood for a "Greater Serbia," and the Freemasons, the three assassins proceeded to Sarajevo some three weeks before the Archduke arrived in the Bosnian capital. When they arrived, a fourth conspirator, Danilo Ilitch, removed the poison and arms that he had cached under his sofa, and they prepared for the royal visit.<sup>6</sup>

Sarajevo is an ancient city of winding streets and alleys, but near the Miljacka River there is a broad street lined with buildings on one side and a low wall near the river. On this avenue, the Appel Quay, which was the principal route of the Archduke, Ilitch had stationed his youthful murderers on Sunday, June 28, 1914. Chabrinovitch was near the Cumurja Bridge with two assistants. Princip was farther up the Quay on the river side. Grabez was looking for a good place near the Town Hall where he would not be interfered with by police or bystanders.<sup>7</sup>

The Archduke and his party arrived at approximately ten a.m.; after a brief inspection of local troops, they proceeded to the Town Hall. An amazing number of local citizenry, notably unhampered by police lines, had assembled to see them pass. In the party were the Archduke, his wife the Duchess of Hohenburg, General Potiorek, and a number of army officers. The Mayor and the Chief of Police led the way to the public welcome.<sup>8</sup>

As the royal suite approached the Cumurja Bridge, Chabrinovitch ignited his bomb and hurled it at the Archduke's car. The chauffeur saw this action and so speeded the car that the missile landed on the folded top of the open vehicle. Witnesses cannot agree as to whether the bomb bounced off the car or was thrown by the Archduke. In any event, the bomb detonated behind the royal car and injured an attendant army officer, Lt. Colonel Merizzi. The Archduke inspected the damage and ordered continuance of the march. "Come on. The fellow is insane. Gentlemen, let us proceed with our program."<sup>9</sup>

After hearing the Mayor's address of welcome, the Archduke expressed his desire to be driven to the hospital to see the injured officer. It was decided that the party should follow a direct route down the Appel Quay instead of the planned tour of the city. In the meantime, Princip, having observed the

*Ibid.*, pp. 111-112. <sup>5</sup> Durham, *op. cit.*, pp. 75-80. <sup>7</sup> Fay, *op. cit.*, pp. 121-122.

*Ibid.*, p. 124. <sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*

failure of the bomb, had crossed the street to await the return of the inspection party.

On reaching Franz Josef Street, the Mayor's car turned as originally planned. General Potiorek halted the drivers and explained the change of route. This was the fatal corner. Princip, who had chosen Franz Josef Street as a vantage point, now stepped forth and fired point-blank into the Archduke's car. The first shot pierced the Archduke's neck, and the second, aimed at General Potiorek, killed the Duchess.<sup>10</sup> Even had the royal personages escaped Princip's attack, they would have found it next to impossible to leave Sarajevo alive. Ilitch's reserve assassins lurked in all the various places that the distinguished guests were to have visited.<sup>11</sup>

War had become inevitable. Austria sent an ultimatum demanding Serbian apology and reaffirmation of neighborly conduct. Serbia's reply was unsatisfactory, and the World War precipitated.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 126.    <sup>11</sup> *Literary Digest*, 49 (July 11, 1914), 46.

<sup>12</sup> William Archer, *The Thirteen Days* (Oxford, 1915), pp. 13-25.

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#### Jewels in a Hurricane

There were bright, shiny pieces of jewelry in the window of my uncle's store. There were watches and rings and pins — and they were very pretty. Inside the store there was purple paint on the walls and men in front of the walls who sold my uncle's jewelry, which was in cases in front of the men. In front of the cases was the place where people stood to give the men in front of the walls money for my uncle's jewelry. My uncle made lots of money from the people who bought his watches and rings and pins and — he made lots of money for many years. Then the big wind, the Mars from the south, came, bringing water with it. The windows of the store caved in. The purple walls were ruined, the cases were destroyed, and the jewelry was lost. The people in front of the cases and the men in front of the walls escaped, but this wind and water and fury lost my uncle's money for him. It was that day that the greatest thing in his life happened. He found salvation in that he had his life still to live, that it was not washed away with his jewelry. — ARTHUR H. STROMBERG



# A Farewell to Arms

By Ernest Hemingway

WILLIAM H. HITT

*Rhetoric I, Book Review 2, 1946-1947*

THE PUBLICATION OF *A FAREWELL TO ARMS* EIGHTEEN years ago evoked a storm of literary controversy which has not yet died. New appraisals of Hemingway's work are appearing continually. In view of this, it may seem presumptuous to offer a new analysis. Yet, after rereading *A Farewell to Arms* and reading some of the critical commentaries on it, I believe what I have to say will be at least partly original.

Ernest Hemingway has been the object of a stream of adjectives, not a few of them invectives. If one were to heed critics like Ford Madox Ford or Bernard DeVoto, he would have to accept Hemingway as either an angel or a devil. DeVoto can scarcely find any good in *A Farewell to Arms*, and Ford can find no evil. Critics generally have either praised Hemingway for his objectivity and realism or condemned him for his fatalistic view of life and his preoccupation with death. On two points the critics have concurred — the brilliance of Hemingway's style and the narrowness of his subject matter.

*A Farewell to Arms* is concerned with the lives of two people fighting in Italy during World War I. Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley are caught in the maddening stream of a world gone berserk, a stream from which there is no visible escape, except death. They try to escape, and for a time it seems they have succeeded but the stream still flows around them and they have nothing to hold on to except one another. And then — crowning touch! — Catherine dies in childbirth. The one thing of value to them, their love, indirectly causes her death. "Broken is the golden bowl. . . ." The reader feels that Frederic Henry is dead also, and that the whole world is dead.

When critics attack *A Farewell to Arms*, they point to the atmosphere of death that pervades it, to the portrayal of life as futile, to the sensuality and lack of spiritual values; and they say that it is wrong, that life is not like that. They are repulsed by what is clearly a negative picture of life. This, right now, does not seem to me a valid criticism. Perhaps I, too, when I reach the winter of my age, will be horrified at the thought of death, but now it holds no particular revulsion for me. I am more inclined to be interested. The only validity of this criticism is the obvious fact that in showing us death Hemingway has limited himself. He cannot show us life in a death scene. Whether his opinion of death is right or wrong is for the philosopher

or the scientist to tell us. Until they do tell us, we will have to use the old-fashioned criterion of judging for ourselves.

Moreover, it is not entirely correct to say the book deals solely with the negatives of life. Frederic Henry shows boundless courage and resolution. It is a strength of character that is in all of Hemingway's writings. It has been labeled various things—I call it strength of character; Clifton Fadiman calls it "small-boy Spartanism." That seems to be an unwarranted jest. Frederic Henry's uncomplaining, fearless acceptance of his lot is an intrinsic part of the book. It is remembered with pleasure.

The telling of the story is the supreme thing. If I were to describe this, I would have to copy here the whole novel. It is written in matchless prose, new, terse, and beautiful — aptly called "sure-footed, athletic." While reading it, one feels in touch with a well-disciplined mind. The lucidity, conciseness, and original juxtaposition of words produce a powerful effect. Furthermore, the style and theme are ideally matched. For the things he wanted to say, Hemingway created the perfect method of expression.

The one thing that places *A Farewell to Arms* in a unique class, however, is Hemingway's creative ability. A vast majority of contemporary novels are the product of talent; *A Farewell to Arms* is the product of genius. Vitality and power are never created by accident, nor can they ever be imitated. *A Farewell to Arms* will perhaps never have universal appeal. It will always be a picture of the futility and despair of war; but it will also always be a masterful work of art.

## First Flight

ROBIN GOOD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 4, Summer, 1947*

IT WAS A HOT MIDSUMMER DAY IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. The parched earth of the field was baked and cracked in the heat, and the sparse grass was brittle and grey with dust. Without the relief of the subtlest suggestion of a breeze, the sun seemed to beat down with a vengeance upon my uncle and me. We had just agreed that only mad dogs, Englishmen, and prospective pilots would wait half an hour in such heat. The explanation for our mild insanity was simple: I, who had never been within spitting distance of a plane, was about to take my first flying lesson. On this, my red-letter day, I was suffering from butterflies in the tummy, impatient anticipation, and slight nervous prostration all rolled into one.

Just before I began to tear out my hair by the fistfuls and hysterically



scream "The Wild Blue Yonder," a quiet voice at my elbow spoke: "Hello, Miss Good. I'm your flight instructor, Ray Clark. If you're ready, we'll begin the ground instructions."

I turned to face a slight, sun-burned young man. "He looks just like Sinatra!" I thought, and my bobby-soxer heart leaped in my breast. Really, this was too much for a fifteen-year-old to bear in one day! I followed him to the hangar in quiet ecstasy. Without the slightest warning that he was about to do something remarkable, "Frankie" seized the tail of a little yellow Piper Cub and pulled it out into the sunlight. My adoration was complete. I would have crash-dived my plane if he had shown me how.

"And now, Miss Good, if you'll come around to the left side of the plane, I'll show you the controls."

I went blindly. Leaning on the side opening which had been let down, I peered into the six-by-five-by-four, glassed-in cockpit and tried to look intelligent as he pointed out the knobs, levers, dials, and sticks. He had the nicest smile!

"You notice the tandem seating arrangement. I shall be in the front seat during all lessons. This is because you will eventually have to make your solo flight from the rear seat, and the position should be entirely familiar to you."

And the *bluest* eyes!

"At the front of the cockpit are the gauges, much like those on the dashboard of a car. Later you will learn to watch their readings but for the present I'll merely explain their uses."

He pointed to the dials. Left-handed. No wedding ring! There was still hope, anyway!

"This dial is an altimeter. It will tell you how far you are flying above the point of take-off, although not how far you are above the ground over which you are passing."

He glanced at me to see if I had understood the delicate distinction. I gave him what I hoped was a brilliant smile.

"This next dial is the air speed indicator. You will have to watch this carefully on stalls, spins, glides, and landings. On these maneuvers a slow air speed is necessary; but at any other time it is dangerous, as the plane may easily stall and go into a spin."

Having lost track of the thought a few sentences back on the word 'spins,' I stared fixedly at the locks of curling brown hair which had escaped a pushed-back cap and fallen on his forehead.

"Terrific!" I thought. "*Just* like Frankie!"

"This dial is called a tachometer. It is an indicator of the revolutions per minute of the engine. You will have to keep an eye on it when changing the power of the engine while in flight. These two gauges are for the temperature and oil pressure, respectively. This instrument above the board you

have probably already recognized as a compass." (I hadn't noticed.) "This last, funny-looking gadget on the board is called a ball bank indicator. It looks like a carpenter's level and works on much the same basis. If you make a banked turn correctly, the ball in the liquid will remain in the center; if not, the ball will slide to one side or the other. That's all there is to the control board. These instruments are all probably very confusing to you at the moment, but you'll soon learn to know them."

I seized this moment to give him my "I'm-a-lost-little-girl" look, and was rewarded with a gor-r-rgeous grin.

"Before you become too discouraged, we'll proceed to the manipulating instruments. The rod which sticks up from the floor in front of the seat is called the 'stick.' To tip the plane to the right or left, you move the stick to the respective side. This regulates the ailerons (those moveable strips on the back of the wings), moving one up and the other down. If you want the plane to go up or down, you move the stick backward or forward, respectively. This time it moves the elevators (the two flat pieces on either side of the tail)."

I decided that he would probably sound like Frankie when he sang. Such a lovely speaking voice!

"On each side of the forward seat, on the floor, is a pedal. These you naturally manipulate with your feet: one foot forward, the other back. They wiggle the rudder, or fin, on the tail."

I looked. The tail wiggled.

"With the rudder you turn the plane to the right or left. The next thing is this lever in a slot on the left wall of the cockpit. It is the throttle, used to regulate the speed. To get more power you push the lever forward. This small black knob is a very important little number called the ignition switch. It must be on all the way before the engine can be started. That seems to be about all. No, I almost forgot the 'trimmer.' It's this crank low on the left wall. You use it to 'trim ship,' or evenly distribute the weight of the plane. Any questions?"

I had plenty; but I thought I could ask him about his age, hometown, and (I hated the thought) fiancées at a more appropriate time.

"Suppose we go up for a little ride, then. I'll show you how the instruments work in the air."

I tried to get into the plane gracefully, but I just *couldn't*. I didn't mind a bit, though, because like a knight errant he responded to my plight and helped me in. Not only that — he fastened my safety belt!

"That's right: left hand on the throttle, right on the stick, and feet on the rudders. Ready? Contact!"

Flying was going to be fun!



# Beyond the Blue Horizon

DOROTHY SHERRARD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947*

FOR MANY YEARS, THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA HAVE been at loose ends during most of the summer. When the school doors are thrown wide in June, thousands of students are left without constructive interests, wholesome recreation, or opportunities for summer learning. In countless ways the American Youth Hostel movement is attempting to fill up this summer gap, and at the same time to develop better qualities in the young people. Hosteling has been defined thus: "A 'back to nature' recreation movement of middle class intellectual youth of high school and college age."<sup>1</sup> The traits that the hostel association is attempting to promote sound impressive: independence, self-reliance, cooperation, and knowledge of the history, beauty, industry, and resources of our country.<sup>2</sup> To the boys and girls themselves, the reasons for hosteling are more simple. They say, "It's sociable." They like hosteling because it gives them a chance to meet people, and "to learn other customs and languages."<sup>3</sup>

The youth hostel movement itself began in Europe in 1910. A German schoolteacher, Robert Schirrmann, was in the habit of taking his pupils for long hikes in connection with the nature, sociology, and geography classes. Always, however, they faced the same difficulty: arranging for a place to stay all night. Seeing that other teachers were having the same difficulty, Richard Schirrmann opened the attic of his schoolhouse to overnight hikers. Soon the humble stopping place became so popular that he converted an ancient family castle into a permanent hostel, and thus the movement was born. The European hostellers, or *Wandervoegel*<sup>4</sup> as they are called, soon hiked over all of Europe, and in their wake left a chain of four thousand, two hundred hostel links in nineteen European countries.<sup>5</sup> The most prominent hosteling countries before the war were Czechoslovakia, Holland, Denmark, the Scandinavian countries, France, Belgium, and of course Germany.<sup>6</sup>

The movement spread rapidly to Great Britain, and the islands became threaded with cyclist paths from northernmost Scotland to the London

<sup>1</sup> John and Mavis Biesanz, "Social Distance in the Youth Hostel Movement," *Sociology and Social Research*, 25 (January, 1941), 237.

<sup>2</sup> G. D. Shultz, "A-Hosteling We Go!" *Better Homes and Gardens*, 18 (June, 1940), 88.

<sup>3</sup> Biesanz, *op. cit.*, p. 240.

<sup>4</sup> *Wandervoegel*—birds of passage. G. G. Telfer, "Youth Follows New Trails," *Parents Magazine*, 10 (July, 1935), 65.

<sup>5</sup> "Hosteling Boom," *Newsweek*, 14 (November 6, 1939), 33.

<sup>6</sup> T. D. Young, "To See What's Over the Hill," *Rotarian*, 48 (April, 1936), 11-12.

plain; from the Dover Straits through all of Ireland. The Andrew Carnegie Foundation gave the English much assistance in getting started with a donation of one hundred thousand dollars. Scotland likewise received aid with a sum of ten thousand dollars.<sup>7</sup>

The movement was first introduced into America by Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Smith, a young couple attending school in Philadelphia. Smith and his wife Isabel were commissioned in 1933 by Columbia University to lead a group of high school pupils through Europe. The trip was a success; and from seeing the great service that the hostels in Europe were doing, the Smiths began to consider the idea for America. That same winter the Smiths were invited to attend the second International Conference of Youth Hostels, and at that meeting they were appointed to initiate the movement in the United States. In 1934 the Smiths again conducted thirty-five wide-eyed American youngsters on an international tour. These hostellers joined Danish, Scottish, German, Swiss, Norwegian, and Swedish young people on the road, and lived, worked, and played with them on hostel trails. In October of that same year at the Third International Youth Hostel Conference in London, the United States officially joined as the eighteenth member of the group.<sup>8</sup>

The first American youth hostel, The Richard Schirrmann International Youth Hostel, was built in Northfield, Massachusetts, by Monroe and Isabel Smith. It opened at Christmas time, 1934, when two hundred and fifty boys and girls spent the holidays tobogganing, skating, skiing, and snowshoeing. In the next two months four hundred guests passed through; by spring, a chain of twenty-five hostels had extended out through the White Mountains and back through the Green Mountains. The youth hostel movement was well on the way to success.<sup>9</sup>

In order to get a clear picture of the American Youth Hostel movement, it would perhaps be best to plan an imaginary tour. The first step to take is to contact the national headquarters at Northfield, Massachusetts. The office, managed by the Smiths, is staffed by twenty-nine young people, most of whom are planning to make a career of social service.<sup>10</sup> From this office, a prospective traveler will get his American Youth Hostel pass, costing one dollar and fifty cents for young people and two dollars and fifty cents for adults. With this pass comes the AYH handbook, the *Knapsack*, with complete traveling instructions and equipment requirements. Also included in this manual is a complete list of tours.<sup>11</sup> A hosteler has the whole of the Americas at his feet: the beautiful Rhododendron Valley of West Virginia, the North Carolina Smoky Mountains, the entire Lake Michigan region, the

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 47.

<sup>8</sup> G. G. Telfer, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-63, *passim*.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup> D. H. John, "Hosteling with Young America," *Christian Science Monitor* (June 1, 1940), 4.

<sup>11</sup> Dickey Meyer, "Youth Hostels, U. S. A.," *Seventeen* (May, 1947), 96.



Ozarks of Missouri, the Puget Sound region, the Berkshires, the kettle moraine of Wisconsin, Niagara, Colorado. One can shut his eyes and choose Chile, Alaska, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Bolivia, the Gaspé.<sup>12</sup> What better way could there be to further Pan-American relations than by threading the countries together with miles of hostel trails?

The trails have all been personally inspected, most of those in the United States by Margaret Brewster. "Mitzi" has toured Canada, the West, and New England for the American Youth Hostels Incorporated, and has inspected all the paths, trails, and hostels. She intends to make hosteling her life work, and has begun by serving as inspector. Her job is to see that the trails are good, that the hostels are adequate and well spaced, and that new trails are being added to the present itinerary.<sup>13</sup>

The only law for hosteling is this: "Travel under your own steam."<sup>14</sup> By disobeying this rule, a traveler defeats the purpose of hosteling and spoils the enjoyment for himself and others. In all phases of hosteling this idea is emphasized: have fun yourself and make it fun for others. An example of this is the unwritten code which says that a hostel must be left neater than it is found.

The hostels or overnight hotels are generally alike. They are all governed in the same way: they are in charge of a house-mother, and she and the group leaders hold the responsibility for government and discipline. The rules are few and simple. Usually there is no smoking allowed, both because of danger of fire and resulting "wind shortage." Drinking is definitely banned; lights must be out by ten p.m.; campers are expected to be on the road by nine in the morning. Each person is expected to help care for the hostel and aid in the preparation of meals. In return, the hostels provide shelters about fifteen miles apart all along the trails. The homes usually consist of sleeping quarters for boys and girls, separate sanitary facilities, recreation rooms, kitchens, and dining rooms.<sup>15</sup> Operated on a strictly local basis, each is sponsored by a committee of ministers, teachers, professional men, and representatives of local civic organizations in the community. This committee selects the hostel parents.<sup>16</sup>

For the travelers, the procedure of entry into a hostel is simple. Usually the hostel parents are notified in advance, either by postal card or by a telephone call from a noon stop-over. When the guests arrive, they register, pay their twenty-five or thirty-cent fuel fee, and surrender their passes. The sponsor keeps these passes until the next morning when the travelers start out again. In this way any hosteler may be suspended from membership because of ill-conduct merely by the retention of the pass in the morning.

<sup>12</sup> John, *loc. cit.*

<sup>13</sup> "American Scene: Merrily We Roll," *American Magazine*, 129 (April, 1940), 121.

<sup>14</sup> "Hosteling Boom," *loc. cit.* <sup>15</sup> Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 24. <sup>16</sup> John, *loc. cit.*

There is no better insurance for good behavior than the threat of suspension. Another routine of checking-in at the hostels is very much appreciated by the parents at home. When each traveler arrives, he is given an "arrival card," describing the location and surroundings. The hosteler needs only to fill in the date, the address, and his name, and the card will be sent to his home. This simple procedure undoubtedly saves countless nights of worry for the stay-at-home parents, and relieves the hostelers of an unwelcome duty.<sup>17</sup>

The hostels, in providing for the *Wandervoegel*, furnish, besides the shelter, beds and heavy blankets, heavy cooking utensils, and recreational facilities. Thus the camper has only to "tote" his sheet sleeping-bag, his mess kit, soap and towels, a change in socks and underwear, a raincoat, a first-aid kit, and perhaps a few personal items. If the hosteler goes by bicycle, either rented from the association or his own, he usually will carry a tool kit. In any case, the load is light, and the hostelers are unburdened as they make their journeys across the country.<sup>18</sup>

Statistics vary grossly concerning the number and ages of hostelers to date. The most reliable source, *Parents Magazine*, places the yearly travelers for 1944 at fifteen thousand, staying as eleven million guests in five thousand hostels in twenty-five countries. The ages vary from four to ninety-four.<sup>19</sup> Despite this number, one hostel parent spoke for many when he said: "I have never met a discourteous or dishonest hosteler. Careless, yes, sometimes, because youth is often that, but no more."<sup>20</sup> This statement is a superlative compliment to the American Youth Hostel Association and to the people who have organized it.

The hostels are located in widely different surroundings. The one near Northfield utilizes barns, houses, a schoolhouse, and a garage, and has a capacity of one hundred. Other hostels are located in almost every conceivable building. The college retreat at Mt. Holyoke is one; the University of Illinois football stadium was another in peacetime. Thousands of civic organizations have donated their summer homes, and many schools throw open their gymnasiums during holidays. The majority of homes, however, are simple farm houses of middle-class people. The couples who manage them delight in their young guests far more than they consider the meager monetary return. And, logically, the campers appreciate these friendly, democratic people who open their doors and hearts every evening.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 64.

<sup>18</sup> "Youth Hostels Shelter Young Travelers," *Hygeia*, 13 (October, 1935), 952.

<sup>19</sup> L. N. Day and L. Kistler, "Vacation the Hostel Way," *Parents Magazine*, 20 (May, 1945), 62.

<sup>20</sup> G. Sevringhaus, "Something New in Family Vacations," *Parents Magazine*, 15 (July, 1940), 44.

<sup>21</sup> John, *loc. cit.*

The importance of youth hostel movements can perhaps be measured by examples of war activities. In the United States, hostellers took to the farms by the thousands. Becoming summer migrant workers, these teen-age travelers moved up and down both coasts doing seasonal farm work. In Britain, the hostellers also went to the fields, and aided in other ways, becoming air-raid wardens, plane spotters, coastal patrollers, and emergency first-aid workers. The Nazis realized they were bucking a powerful enemy when they came in contact with the International Youth Hostel. "After a day away from home . . . German Nazis . . . danced with German Jewesses in the central London hostel in 1939. A few days later a German boy talked with Jewish refugees."<sup>22</sup> This was a distinct menace to the Nazi Youth Movement, which ultimately solved the problem in its own way by taking over the hostels. During the war, all continental hostels were subjected to Nazi regime and were used by the Hitler Youth. Members of the Nazi party became house parents, and troops of uniformed, singing, swastika-waving boys and girls invaded the hostel trails.

Other groups have similarly adopted the hostels for their own purposes, recognizing their prestige. The Catholic church has founded its own hostels for Catholic youth. Some Scottish and Irish associations are utilizing the idea to further nationalism. Several English hostels are reputedly advancing the idea of continuing to stereotype English youth.<sup>23</sup> But all these groups are fortunately in the minority, and the importance of furthering international fellowship is triumphing in spite of impediments.

The future of the hostels is bright. More and more people are beginning to realize the larger values of this organization.<sup>24</sup> The international trend is being realized in current overseas movements. Eight sixty-eight-day projects are being planned for this summer (1947). A hundred young people are leaving the United States to begin rebuilding the hostels in Holland, Luxemburg, and the French Alps.<sup>25</sup> This movement, along with proposed tours of all parts of the world, will do much to further international good will.

Other important future plans are being formulated. A reconverted troop ship is being fitted to travel between England, France, and America. The *Youth Argosy*<sup>26</sup> will shuttle across the Atlantic, costing the hostel members the unbelievable sum of twenty-five dollars.<sup>27</sup> In the United States, plans are being made to follow old historical trails across the continent: Daniel Boone's trail, the pioneer trails of the North, the Santa Fé trail, the Gold Rush trail,

<sup>22</sup> Biesanz, *op. cit.*, p. 239.

<sup>23</sup> J. Biesanz, "Youth Hostels," *Sociology and Social Research*, 26 (May, 1924), 445-6.

<sup>24</sup> The purpose has been said to be to nurture love of nature. The by-product is increased international understanding. "It may come about that in the long run, the by-product will be the most important product." Young, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

<sup>25</sup> Meyer, *op. cit.*, p. 192.

<sup>26</sup> Named after the famous adventure ship in Homer's *Iliad*.

<sup>27</sup> Day, *loc. cit.*



the New England settlement trail. River trips up and down the Connecticut are being planned, as well as other sea adventures.<sup>28</sup> Perhaps the most auspicious large-scale plans involved are the cross-continental tours. Two specially built trains will leave the opposite sides of the continent, from San Francisco and Montreal, and will slowly cross the United States, stopping often for side trips. Hostellers can use the railroad cars for home base, and see both northern and southern America in one summer.<sup>29</sup>

With such influential and hearty backers as John L. Winant, the American Council of Educators, the YMCA and the YWCA, the World Alliance of Friendship through Churches, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Cambridge University, and other famous colleges,<sup>30</sup> with the enthusiastic interest and dreams of the thousands of hostellers, would-be hostellers, and hostel alumni, and with inspirational leaders like Isabel and Monroe Smith, the American Youth Hostels cannot help but grow, inspire, and continue to teach the ideals which they set up.

Franklin D. Roosevelt said, "I was brought up on this sort of thing and realize the need for hosteling. . . . This was the best education I ever had — far better than schools."<sup>31</sup>

<sup>28</sup> Telfer, *op. cit.*, p. 65.

<sup>29</sup> R. Cassidy, "Youth Journeys and Social Sciences," *Recreation*, 32 (April, 1938), 44.

<sup>30</sup> Telfer, *loc. cit.* <sup>31</sup> As quoted in "Hosteling Boom," *loc. cit.*

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## The American Picture of Turkey

When you are in a foreign country, you are always subject to questions about your own. These questions arise whenever you meet someone; next to the weather they are the favorite topic of conversation. I have been in the United States for one year, and during this time I have heard nearly unbelievable questions about Turkey. I don't know whether I taught my questioners anything, but I can say that I learned many things from them: I learned what the American picture of Turkey is.

This picture is composed of Arabian styled houses, sultans, harems, camels, pyramids, red fezzes, veils, and various other oriental curiosities. If you talk to an American about modern houses, men and women dressed in European style, monogamous marriage, trains and buses, presidents and parties, he is disappointed; he doesn't want to believe you. Cigarette packages still have pictures of camels and deserts associated with Turkish tobacco, though there is not any desert in Turkey; and the encyclopedias still print very old pictures dating before the first World War. The American people should realize that the only "camels" in Turkey are put out by the Reynolds Tobacco Company. Young people dance the tango, the swing, and the rhumba, and when one of Lana Turner's or Hedy Lamarr's pictures is in town — wow! — NEVZAT GOMEZ

## What It Means to See

Have you ever been blind all your life and then been given the power of sight? I have. I know what it means to see.

I had lived all my life on a hill overlooking a town in Alaska. I had heard and mastered all the sounds and drawn my own pictures, but I'll never forget the day when they took the bandages off my eyes.

It was late summer and the air was cool and sweet. My mind was a blank, empty space. Then, slowly and growing brighter, a brilliant color appeared. Then another, and another. Things began to take shape. I had heard all about these things, but they seemed strange and beautiful. I could not tell the names of the colors, but at the time I didn't care.

Then everything became clear and sharp. Monstrous, forbidding, ice-capped mountains loomed up around me. Their great rolling sides were darkened with trees. In contrast to this, the brilliant sky, and from it the sun, shone so brightly, I had to turn my eyes.

As I did so, I saw something awesome and wondrous, the waterfall. The water seemed to leap from the mountain high up and drop like a shining ribbon for a hundred or more feet. Then it disappeared in a gleaming mist. In that mist was a rainbow, and the feeling I experienced then I shall never know again.

It seemed as though this day, so clear and fresh, was God's gift to me.

— D. ERICKSON, Navy Pier

# Opening Night

PETER FLEISCHMANN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947*

THE THEATER WAS EMPTY AND QUIET. THE LIGHTS were already on. Here and there an usher moved around, distributing stacks of programs, so that they would be handy once the crowd came. Although the stage and the orchestra pit were almost deserted, the entire hall seemed to be getting ready for something big. Street noises, the honking of cars, the clappity-clap of shoes as people hurried past the theater in the dusk, and the ringing of trolley cars were but slight disturbances to the atmosphere here inside.

As time passed by, people started arriving. Ushers showed them to their seats, some in the orchestra, a few in the balconies and boxes. They sat down and talked quietly, leafing through their programs, some of them turning around when someone new entered the auditorium. More and more people came. Men wore tails, and their ladies were attired in glittering evening gowns. Their names, if compiled, would read like the combination of the Hollywood telephone directory, the New York Social Register, and Who's Who.

By now the theater resembled the inside of a beehive. People hustled up and down the aisles or stood around in groups talking, some excitedly and some quietly. Ushers mingled with the crowd, either showing newcomers to their seats or offering refreshments for sale. Here and there a flash-bulb went off, as press-photographers recorded this night of nights for posterity.

In the meantime the stage and the orchestra pit had assumed signs of life. Noises came from backstage, and the curtain swayed gently as people pushed against it. In the pit violins were being tuned, clarinets ran through scales, the brass section hurriedly rehearsed a passage from the score, and the roar of tympani was quite distinguishable from the tune of the harp.

Still more people entered the hall, and as the crowd increased, so did the excitement. Suddenly a ripple of applause ran through the audience as a tall, thin gentleman entered one of the boxes — a well-known composer.

Quickly the commotion in the pit died down. House lights dimmed, footlights grew bright, and a few late comers scrambled for their seats. The audience settled back in their seats expectantly. A gray-haired, distinguished-looking man, the conductor, took his position at the head of the orchestra to the accompaniment of applause. He looked around, raised his baton — and the musical ensemble responded with one of the loveliest melodies ever written.



# A Night in Kam's

SIGRID IBEN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1946-1947*

CAN I EVER FORGET THE SATURDAY NIGHT ON WHICH I was introduced to Kam's! I was plastic clay all eager for impressions, but do not think that I was unprepared! I had heard the "Student Prince," had read of young Shelley and all the wicked gaiety of college life. Armed with knowledge and conscious virtue, I sailed into the iniquitous den on the arm of the worldly Mack. Den it was. Picture it — the dim, dark recesses plastered with beer labels; the animated shadows bearing beer bottles in uplifted hands; the ancient rites consisting of weird knocks on the table, sudden jabs, and grotesque contortions ending in deafening shouts of "Cardinal Puff!"; the smoke rings, spirals, and puffs mating in the upper atmosphere; the cries of "chugalug!" and the hoarse and illustrated renditions of "This Is Table Number One" and "Allouette."

Behold the crowds as we make our way through to the farthest booth held down by Mack's fraternity brothers and countless bottles of beer — was there ever such worldly wisdom on youthful countenances — such enviable sophistication, such wit, and such knowing winks, such esoteric laughter? I know superiority when I see it; I was properly awed. I remember once at the age of three when I found a penny and told the young gentleman of five next door that I was going to Schreibers Hardware Store and buy an ice cream cone with it. His scorn was tremendous! I felt the same crest-fallen humility now, intensified by the realization that after fifteen years I had not gained in self-possession.

But here was our destination; here was the youth intrusted with the awful dignity of making the men of Omicron Omega Phi the hardest-drinking, wittiest, most daring, most woman-killing, and least grade-conscious fraternity on campus. They were qualified.

Once I was comfortably ensconced between Mack and a beanpole called Boo who made horrible grimaces every few minutes to indicate the need for more beer, I began to feel as though I might some day learn the mysteries and belong. After all, I was one woman among four men — hardly a bad beginning. I made certain observations: Mack was evidently a prodigy; all evening he orated with commendable fixity of purpose and appropriate gestures. When he got tired of one subject, he switched to another; he hardly stopped for beer — not to mention potato chips or rebuttals. I marvelled and passed on. Directly opposite me was a very gratifying young man: every time I smiled he complimented my intelligence; truly, in the

words of the sage, inner worth is apparent on the surface. Next to him sat a young man, known as Art, with a newly-mown cranium over which a bright and inebriated youth, supported by the Lord knows what, now and again passed his fingers, smiling blissfully the while, no doubt under the illusion that it was his favorite terrier. Its only effect on Art was to lull him more deeply into the trance which I later discovered was his habitual state.

But now came my downfall. Someone offered me a cigarette — I didn't smoke! Someone rammed a beer down my throat — I didn't drink! Mack stopped orating, Boo stopped grimacing, Ed just stopped, and Art woke up! Mack dragged me out, home, and deposited me on my doorstep. That night I went to bed with the horrible realization that I would never become a college woman.

## Poi

LEROY F. MUMFORD

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1946-1947*

EVERY TRUE HAWAIIAN IS A LOVER OF POI; HIS LIFE is not complete without it. Poi, a food originating in the Hawaiian Islands, constitutes the major portion of the diet of the native population. Poi is a fermented paste made from the roots of the taro plant, which are all gathered by hand, then pounded into a thick, sticky, whitish, dough-like substance.

Poi, in this first stage, has a flat taste, but this is the only stage at which it is edible by individuals who are new to the "Crossroads of the Pacific." It will never meet the approval of the native in this condition. The paste must first be placed in the sun to ferment.

The fermentation process changes the color of the paste to a shade of light tan. It also changes the taste considerably. To the uneducated tongue, poi is a unique experience, one that really defies description. Suffice it to say, it is now sour, bitter, and the last thing in the world one wants to eat. Nevertheless, it is the *pièce de résistance* for the true Hawaiian.

Poi has the same place in Hawaii that the Irish potato has in the United States. It is eaten in nearly every manner and form imaginable. It is served hot, cold, and lukewarm. It can be baked, boiled, or stewed. It can be part of the appetizer, entree, or dessert. If the Hawaiian hostess wants complete success she serves poi at every meal. Her reputation as a connoisseur of fine food soon becomes established.

The Hawaiian thrives on poi, but it becomes a real treat for him when it is mixed with raw fish. To any stranger this mixture looks weird. One

taste will usually bear out this impression. A native Hawaiian finds it very difficult to believe that everyone doesn't immediately like his "staff of life."

There are various ways in which poi is classified. One method is by the color. The common variety is tan in color, but one will also find pink, red, and light blue poi. The colored poi is really considered to be a delicacy to get excited over; and for this reason, it brings a much better price on the market. The color is the result of the selection of particular types of taro roots. These special varieties are rather limited, so that explains the esteem in which they are held. Pink poi is the least plentiful of all and it is the variety one will find served at all government dinners. It can be added that the color has little effect on the taste for the inexperienced poi-eater.

Poi is eaten with the fingers, and only with the fingers. The natives insist this is the only way in which one can secure the full flavor of the dish. This method of eating leads into another classification, determined by the consistency: one-finger poi, two-finger poi, and three-finger poi. The one-finger poi is the thickest, permitting an ample amount to be conveyed to the mouth on one finger. Two-finger poi is the most popular of all the varieties. The three-finger poi is very thin, and the least popular, best suited for babies and the aged.

Eating poi with the fingers is really an art, an art difficult to master. The index and second fingers are the ones most commonly used. One must hold these fingers rigidly together and lower them slowly into the dish of poi. He must move his fingers in a clockwise motion continually, withdraw them suddenly, and then transport the accumulated material to the mouth. It is considered very good manners to emit audible sounds while in the process of removing the sticky paste from the fingers.

Poi has been known on the islands since the beginning of their history, and from all indications this fermented product of the taro root will continue to be a vital item in the life and economy of the Hawaiians.

## **Holiday in England**

Waterloo station on an English holiday is like a mass meeting of homeless people. I say homeless because they seem to have most of their belongings with them. Bicycles, lunch baskets, blankets, and pillows clutter the platforms and the entire station floor. Hackney coaches looking like moving vans keep driving up and unloading more people and bicycles. For each track there are at least three queues which resemble endless caravans. Children gnawing biscuits and hollering at every Yank the constant phrase, "Any gum chum"; babies screaming deafeningly; women with cigarettes hanging from their lips, knitting socks and sweaters for their sons overseas; men flipping snuff into their noses and discussing the V-bombs; and bobbies, like Roman soldiers with their speared helmets, trying desperately to maintain order make up a confusion that a jammed Yankee Stadium couldn't equal. — A. P. KASPROVICH, Community High School, Granite City



# One More Load

CHARLES N. WATKINS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947*

66 **C**HARLES! GET UP! HAVE TO GET AROUND EARLY THIS morning." Dad is calling from the foot of the stairs. I pull my nose out of the pillow. The air is cool and dawn is breaking. The sparrows in the old maple tree outside my window make small "chirrupy" sounds. I put on my faded work clothes, which are slightly damp from the night air. Downstairs, Dad is standing by the old kitchen stove, drinking a cup of cold, muddy, black coffee of last night's brewing and smoking his first cigarette of the morning. He does not seem to notice me, but as he clumps outside brief orders trail behind, seemingly interspersed with strands of blue-gray cigarette smoke, "Better brush and harness the team."

Outside, the sun is tinting several small, fleecy clouds with colors varying from rose to orange. The grass is glistening with myriads of dew-drop diamonds. "Another day without rain," I murmur disgustedly. "Anyway, it's excellent weather for threshing." I whistle to the horses in the south lot and grudgingly, obediently, they move through the gate and into their stalls in the barn. After tying them, I brush and curry their massive, sleek sides to a dull mahogany finish. From across the barn comes the rhythmical music of milk striking the pail, as Dad begins milking. A pigeon coos mournfully in the lofty haymow. The fragrance of sweet hay, the smell of sweaty leather, and the acrid ammonia odor of horse manure mingle, awakening my senses as I harness the team.

When the chores are done, we rush to the house and eat our breakfast on the run; there are light, fluffy pancakes and sizzling, brown sausage, breakfast food and milk, and Mother's stout, nightrust-removing coffee. We leave the table to go, but Mother asks, "Are your clothes clean? Come back here and put on clean overalls. I can't have the neighbors see you looking like that!" Grumbling that it doesn't matter how clean I am when I'm going to thresh, I change overalls and sprint to the barn. Dad has the team hitched to the hayrack wagon, and as I climb aboard he clucks to Dick and Doc. They lean into the traces half-heartedly, but with persuasion from the ends of the reins slapped across their broad rumps and my father's unemotional swearing, they trot out of the yard to the road.

White is the first man to thresh this year; it is approximately two miles to his farm. Dad drives along the side of the road, as the team is not shod, and gravel roads damage unshod hoofs. The wheels sink in a soft carpet of grass, and but for the creaking of a rear wheel and the jingle of the trace chains, there is little to disturb the silence as we move slowly through the

bright, sunny morning. Intuition tells me that Dad is thinking of that complaining axle. It will have to be greased tomorrow morning. We look at the corn as we pass by; the leaves are motionless in the still, already warm air. It will be another hot day. The weeds seem to be thriving despite the lack of moisture; wild parsnips rear their ugly, yellow heads defiantly. I watch a spotted snake glide effortlessly from the hedge fence into the corn. The wheels suddenly clatter, we cross the road, and turn up the lane to White's.

Several wagons and teams are in the yard, and in a lot beside the barn is a threshing machine being shoved into position by a giant tractor, much as a circus elephant moves a heavy wagon. We pull into the welcome shade of an elm and exchange greetings with the neighbors. There is talk of the weather and the corn and the condition of the grain. White, a lean, taciturn man, strides across the barnyard and motions us to the field.

I drive out to the field, weaving between the long, irregular rows of golden shocks. Stopping the team at the end of the row, I tie the reins to the ladder at the front of the rack. Dad is on the ground by now, pitchfork in hand, waiting until I have grasped my own pitchfork. He removes the flattened, concave-shaped cap bundle from the shock and tosses it on the wagon. Pitching bundles correctly is an art acquired by few men, but Dad is an expert. Each golden bundle is tossed on the wagon, with the grain toward me and the butt of the bundle from me. This facilitates loading. Loading is also a skill, for each bundle is placed precisely, so that a large load may be hauled. Only my "geddup" and "whoa," as we move from shock to shock, and the rustle of the dry straw break the silence, as I build my first load. Occasionally, from the far side of the wide field, some faint bursts of profanity, as Magnusson affectionately curses his little mules for their indolence. My load becomes higher and higher, a solid block of gold. No longer can I see my dad, but I catch glimpses of gleaming pitchfork tines at the edge of the load, as the bundles soar upward. "You've got enough," he decides. "Better unload."

Sticking my fork in the center of the load, I untie the reins and shout at the team below. Dick and Doc seesaw in the traces a second or two, waging a war of nerves between them, each attempting to force the other to start the load. A sharp word and the traces grow taut; the wagon lurches across the rough stubble. I am the pilot of a great golden ship on a yellow and green sea. I thrill to the morning, clear and hot. Oh, wonderful Life! To be young with clear mind and keen eyes — to be strong with the strength of untamed youth — to taste salty sweat on my lips — to feel the perspiration-soaked shirt clinging to my back — what more could I ask! I whistle a song, tuneless and meaningless, but expressing my emotions.

At the barn the machine is set, and the heavy belt stretches between it and the tractor, which is idling as though it were conserving its energy for the work ahead. The grain wagon is beneath the grain spout, waiting ex-

pectantly for its precious cargo. The giant cylindrical blower with its cobra-like hood has been nosed through an open door, half-way up the side of the barn. I drive carefully along the feeder, then stop and stand gripping the reins. At the tractor, old Hank, a squat, powerful figure, clambers to the controls and looks at me. I nod my head; Hank moves a lever and opens the throttle. The tractor roars, the belt turns, and the thresher come to life like some prehistoric monster awakening from a nap. The drag-chain in the feeder moves toward the knives; the knives begin their rotary slashing motion. Pulleys and belts sing and whine a tune that is ever-increasing in pitch and volume. Last year's dust puffs from the blower. Old Doc is restless, his ears twitching and fore-feet stamping. Most of his nervousness is mere pretense, however; he is trying to frighten Dick. Failing to stampede Dick, who is practically asleep, Doc stands quietly, and I tie the reins to the ladder. The machine has reached a maximum of speed and noise; Hank gives me the locomotive signal, and I pitch the first bundle into the feeder. The twine-cutting knives reach hungrily for the prostrate bundle. I work fast, pouring a steady stream of grain into the gaping mouth of the thresher. Out of the corner of my eye, as I unload, I catch a glimpse of the first grain pouring from the spout. Hank and several others are in the grain wagon. Each man lifts a handful of yellow grain, weighs it in his hand. There seems to be some mutual agreement concerning the weight and quality of the grain, but there is nothing to indicate the nature of the verdict.

The sun is now high in a cloudless sky, and its rays are burning. I perspire freely, the salty water mixing with the dust and dirt from the thresher to form thin mud on my bare arms, neck, and face. The team is covered with a gray and yellow blanket of chaff and dirt. I pitch the last bundle into the feeder and clean the loose straw and fine chaff from the wagon-bed. After securing the fork to the wagon, I touch the reins and we move hurriedly away; the horses are glad to leave the deafening noise and the choking cloud of dust surrounding the thresher. I drive near the tractor, where Hank and a grain shoveler are reclining in the shade of the tall driving wheels. I climb off the rack and accept the water jug proffered me. How good the water tastes, cool and sweet, with a barely perceptible "corn-cobby" taste given it by the corncob stopper. The jug and my throat gurgle in unison; I allow some of the water to spill over my face, washing the dirt from my eyes. Hank takes the jug, when I finish, setting it in the shade. Pulling an ancient gold timepiece from his pocket, he tells me, "Well, boy, you'll have time for one more load before dinner." I grin and jump up on the wagon, flicking the loose ends of the reins over the team's back. We leave for the field with the team trotting and me painting extravagant mental pictures of a groaning table laden with mountains of delicious food. Just one more load before dinner, I say to myself, as I urge the team to greater speed.



# Interpreting the Public Opinion Polls

GERALD O'MARA

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947*

THE LAST FEW YEARS HAVE SEEN THE RISE BOTH IN influence and scope of the public opinion poll. The work of Gallup and Roper is familiar to all of us, but it is perhaps a little early to discern any long-range effects their findings may have. It is probably safe to say, however, that they have had a significant influence on our government. An example of this is the 1935 poll on the Townsend Plan for old age pensions. The Townsendites had created a furor that gave the impression they were a large, powerful group, and Congress was seriously considering the fantastic demands they made. At this time, the American Institute of Public Opinion (the Gallup Poll) conducted a survey which revealed the Townsendites as a small but vociferous minority. Congress refused their demands, and the movement quickly died down.<sup>1</sup>

The foregoing is an extreme example, but highly indicative of the influence the polls have come to wield. An interesting experiment in the light of the previous example was conducted among members of Congress in 1940. Questionnaires were sent to a cross section of Congress, and of the 117 Congressmen that answered, 39 per cent admitted being influenced by the polls while 76 per cent were of the opinion that their colleagues were influenced by the polls. Human nature being what it is, we may regard the second figure as closer to the truth.<sup>2</sup>

Now that we have established that the polls do have some effect on our government, our next consideration should be directed to the polls themselves. The high degree of accuracy that characterizes modern polls is chiefly responsible for their present high esteem. But how do they achieve this accuracy? Mostly by applied science; that is, by adapting techniques derived from mathematical principles and developed in market research. The basic principle of their technique is that a representative sample will reflect accurately the prevailing opinions of the populace. The assumption behind the "stratified, random sample" is that there is a well-ordered whole. It may be regarded as a well-balanced cross section of the country with respect to geography, age, sex, political affiliation, occupation, economic

<sup>1</sup> George Gallup and Saul Rae, *The Pulse of Democracy* (New York, 1940), pp. 146-47.

<sup>2</sup> George F. Lewis, Jr., "The Congressmen Look at the Polls," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 229-30.

level, and other significant factors. As the National Opinion Research Center states it, "7 per cent of the adults in the United States live in New England, therefore 7 per cent of the sample is drawn from the New England states. And 17 per cent of the adults in New England live in rural areas, therefore 17 per cent of the New England interviews are obtained from such districts."<sup>3</sup>

Such a sample may be relatively small and yet, if representative, accurate within the limits of mathematical probability. The results of sampling are expressed only in terms of probability—the larger the sample, the closer together the probability limits. For example, a sample of 3,000 will be accurate within a range of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent either way; a sample of 10,000 within little more than one per cent.<sup>4</sup>

The chief difficulty inherent in this technique is the dual problem of the meaning and wording of questions. Since the same word may mean different things to different people, exact communication of the same meaning to everybody is difficult. For example, an experiment in wording was made on representative groups to test the extent to which a word with a stereotyped meaning would affect the results. The question was worded as follows:

- a. Should we not allow speeches against democracy?
- b. Should we forbid speeches against democracy?

Question *a* received a 62 per cent affirmative answer, while question *b* received only a 46 per cent approval. The word "forbid" with its connotations of a threat to civil liberties had a stereotyped meaning that altered significantly the results of the poll.<sup>5</sup>

Dozens of such experiments could be quoted, but the example cited gives some idea of the nature of the problem. The following enumeration of a few of the difficulties in the achievement of clarity of meaning gives an inkling of the complexity: obscure meanings, vague terminology, stereotypes, technical or unfamiliar words, issues too broad to present clear-cut alternatives, issues involving social values which compel rationalization, and multiple choices which channel opinion into too many or too few lines.<sup>6</sup>

The problem of wording is somewhat different. The extent to which the wording affects the answer depends almost entirely on the respondent's mental background on the subject. If the people being polled have reliable standards of judgment, approximately the same answer is obtained regardless of the wording. But if they lack standards of judgment, they are highly suggestible and react to changes in phraseology.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Interviewing for NORC*, National Opinion Research Center (Denver, 1945), p. 4.

<sup>4</sup> S. S. Wilks, "Representative Sampling and Poll Reliability," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 261-69.

<sup>5</sup> Donald Rugg, "Experiments in Wording Questions: II," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 5 (1941), 91-93.

<sup>6</sup> Hadley Cantril, *Gauging Public Opinion* (Princeton, 1944), pp. 3-4.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 48-49.

A striking example of the effects of wording was obtained in experiment by the National Opinion Research Center in the fall of 1942. The question was worded as follows:

- a. Do you think we ought to start thinking now about the kind of peace we want after the war?
- b. Which of these seems better to you — for us to win the war first and then think about the peace, or to start thinking now about the kind of peace we want after the war?

The *a* question polled an 81 per cent affirmative, while the *b* question drew only 55 per cent. The second question, by implying that serious attention to the peace might hurt the war effort, altered the results considerably. Questions like these make the problem of interpretation rather difficult. They would seem to indicate differences in intensity of opinion, and yet they may merely represent differences in the reaction to implicit and explicit alternatives.<sup>8</sup>

From the material presented so far, it might be gathered that the polls were addicted to the use of material of an equivocal nature and that the results of their work are highly questionable. Such an assumption would of course be entirely unwarranted. The fact of the matter is that the polls are very careful that their work be unbiased. For example, all questionnaires are pretested on sample groups to determine the effectiveness of the phrasing and to avoid issues unknown to the man on the street. Roper describes one poll of his that went through fifteen changes before its final use.<sup>9</sup>

If the poll-makers are engaged in such determined efforts to improve their work, why be concerned with interpreting their results? Why not accept their statistics at face value? It is at this point we run into real trouble. We are asked, "Is the public qualified to express opinions that will have such an obvious influence? Is the mass capable of judging for its own good?" Some go even further, and claim to see in the polls a dangerous tendency toward a "pure" democracy that will destroy our system of representative government and lead to mass rule and chaos.<sup>10</sup> Others believe that the majority of the people will make fewer mistakes in governing themselves than any smaller group would, and that the polls by articulating the *vox populi* will lead to a more perfect form of government.<sup>11</sup>

Which point of view (if either) are we to accept? Gallup, in defense of the latter view, says, "The serious observer . . . will be profoundly im-

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 37.

<sup>9</sup> Elmo Roper, "Wording Questions for the Polls," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 129-30.

<sup>10</sup> See Robert Lynd, "Democracy in Reverse," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 219; O. R. McGure, "The U. S. Constitution and Ten Shekels of Silver," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 239-40; Walter M. Pierce, "Climbing on the Band Wagon," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 279-80.

<sup>11</sup> See Harold Gosnell, "The Polls and Other Mechanisms of Democracy," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 228; Eugene Meyer, "A Newspaper Publisher Looks at the Polls," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 264-65.



pressed with the grasp of broad principles which voters of all types possess. . . ."<sup>12</sup> This, however, does not refute the opposing argument that the pressure of the polls will hinder the work of able experts who run the government. On reflection, it would seem that both are speaking half truths and that the real answer lies in a synthesis of the two conflicting viewpoints. Starting with the first, we agree that no one will deny that the average citizen has neither the education nor the time (to say nothing of the inclination) to obtain an understanding of the complex, technical details of the machinery of government. The polls themselves have shown that the majority of the people admit they do not know the function of reciprocal trade agreements, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and other relatively complex phases of our government. But this lack of knowledge of public affairs is not as anti-democratic as it may seem at first glance. As Katz observed, "The man on the street may be able to give meaningful answers to important questions if they are . . . in terms of his own thinking rather than in terms of the mental world of the politician and journalist."<sup>13</sup> In other words, the polls cannot give a valid interpretation of public opinion if the public is polled on technical details of government. They can and do tell us what the majority wants, and how it likes the ways things are run. They can help determine the direction of policy but not details of policy.<sup>14</sup>

What all of this boils down to is that we are obliged to interpret the findings of public opinion polls for ourselves. In the light of what we have previously considered, we may formulate two criteria for use in evaluating them: 1. Is the question appropriate with respect to the limitations on subject matter and wording? 2. Is the question impartial, or is it stated in such a way as to imply a correct answer, or to appeal to a prejudice?

<sup>12</sup> Gallup and Rae, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

<sup>13</sup> Daniel Katz, "Three Criteria," *Public Opinion Quarterly*, 4 (1940), 284-85.

<sup>14</sup> Gallup and Rae, *op. cit.*, p. 288.

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## Your Mood and Ours

You people are really different from us Orientals. I don't mean the difference in appearance, which is a minor one. Neither do I want to suggest the difference in our living conditions. To me the greatest difference lies in our inside worlds.

The inside world of an Oriental can be imagined as a deep well. It is dark. It is mysterious. Were somebody to try to investigate its content, he would find priceless gems or poisonous snakes. Probably that is because the Oriental has a very susceptible imagination. The exaggeration of images makes him mystical. The result is that the Oriental lives in another world. He is always sad and unsatisfied. He enjoys unbelievable stories and minor tunes which compose his melancholic music. In other words he enjoys suffering.

On the other hand an American dreams less and lives more. The "dark well" which we use for the Oriental can be replaced by a sunny and fertile cornfield for the American. He is superficial but sure. All he has to do is to cultivate it and get the expected crops. He has positive ideas, definite beliefs. He has a way of expressing facts in simple words, likes short cuts, and worries little about any subject. He has only one world to live in; he sees everything as it is and he is happy that way. His music is gay, his literature is more realistic, and he is more sincere. To my admiration he enjoys and appreciates being himself.

This is an analysis of their characters as far as I can see. Now, which way leads to true happiness? We can't tell, because happiness is relative to individuals as well as to conditions. One is happy crying, another laughing. — HALUK AKOL

## I Remember

I remember a medium-sized white bungalow about one-quarter of a mile from the broad, white, sandy beach. I remember that the white-topped waves which came bouncing in on the surf matched the white on that wonderful little house and that the blue of the ocean matched the blue on the shutters. I remember all the other little houses in that quiet village which were so alive in the summer and so dead in the winter. I remember the good times my brother and I used to have with the other children in the village during the carefree days of carefree summers. And I remember the wind, the destructive monster from the south that came howling up off the ocean one sunny September day carrying water with it. The water and the wind ripped the roofs off the houses and tore the walls down and left nothing but memories. — ARTHUR H. STROMBERG

# One of a Kind

GENE REILEY

*Rhetoric I, Theme 9, Summer, 1947*

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, COME RAIN OR COME SHINE, THE fish markets are always open in Browning, Illinois: Breeden's, Bryant's, and Dozier's, all striving desperately to please the public and surpass each other in business. Each has a picked group of fishermen who sell their catch to the Republican, the Democrat, or the highest bidder. Each is a battered old store, splattered with fish scales and mud, and all three claim the community's asset, Happy Sherrill.

Happy is an easygoing old boy who always seems to have a good word and a bit of advice for every fisherman, child, or customer. He works a little now and then, but no more than sheer existence requires, and all will admit that he can skin a cat or scale a carp in record time. He goes where he pleases, does what he pleases, and says what he pleases. He has a memory like an elephant, and combines it with a bit of imagination to produce stories that every boy and man between the ages of three and sixty has heard at least fifty times.

The first time I ever saw Happy, he was perched atop an old lard can in Breeden's market relating a tale of how the originator of Breeden's market got the nickname of "Bojo." In Browning, "bojo" is the correct word now used to describe a temper tantrum, and Happy's story of how Frank Breeden picked up a catfish and bit its head off, after the fish had first bitten him, is now a part of the village history.

Most of Happy's personal belongings accompany him wherever he goes. He couldn't be recognized without his battered old felt hat, a dirty blue gingham shirt, an old pair of Pay-Day overalls with a dozen patches and suspenders that button on in the back, and an ancient pair of hip boots with twice as many patches as on the overalls. Usually unshaven and with an immense chew of Red Man tobacco in his mouth, he can be found anytime, from daybreak until the mosquitoes drive him home in the evening, in one of the three fish markets. Happy's dog "Sideswiper," who used to be called "Nig" until he got hit by a car, follows his master wherever he goes but pays little attention to what Happy has to say. Some folks say Sideswiper understands Happy better than most men do.

The rest of Happy's personal belongings can be found in his one-room shack, which he built way back when Browning had five grocery stores, two hotels, a theater, and a respect for high water. The shack has only two residents — Happy and Sideswiper. There are a cot, a table, an old fish crate



used as a chair, an oil stove, a few cooking utensils, some dirty dishes, some souvenirs of four wars, and Happy's greatest personal possession, a collection of old law books.

Some people in the town call Happy "Judge," and everyone has a high respect for his knowledge of the laws of this state. For years he has played the roles of Justice of the Peace, President of the Town Board, and active member of the School Board of District Seventy-Five.

Without him Browning would lose much of its local color. Happy Sherrill has become an integral part of the fish market and town life, and somehow has won the admiration and respect of most of Browning's citizens.

## Rain

RALPH BROWN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 2, 1946-1947*

**R**AIN: MOISTURE CONDENSED AND THEN RELEASED from the sky" — that's all it amounts to as far as the dictionary is concerned. But to each individual it has its own personal meaning.

It makes a bookmaker worry about how a wet track will affect the odds he has given. It annoys a housewife because she has to postpone her washing. It makes a farmer wonder if it will nourish his crops or wash them away into soggy ruin, and him with them. That's not rain to him; it's life or death. To a child it is the reason he has to stay indoors, as he plaintively importunes the power which condemned him to this fate with an almost pagan chant: "Rain, Rain, go away, come again. . . ."

For the comfortable householder it is an indication of security, an emphasis on how his well-ordered life protects him from elemental forces which would otherwise intrude. To the bum wandering aimlessly along it is an added discomfiture; now he has to find a flop somewhere on the inside; a friendly park bench, an inviting field are now sodden enemies in a drenched alliance with the all-pervading, saturating rain.

To the average observer it is pregnant skies growing darker and finally giving a violent birth illuminated by lightning and accompanied by thunder as an orchestral background. And then it is just a fresh smell in the air.

### Hot and Cold

The difference between hot and cold weather is easy to understand. All weather above 72.63° Fahrenheit is hot, and all that below that point is cold. I might also add that as hot air rises and cold air travels downward, one may keep warm on a cold day by holding an umbrella over one's head. — LES HOUSER

# Keep That Last Team !

LAWRENCE ZUCKERMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947*

**F**ARMERS, BEWARE! YOU HAVE HEARD MANY REASONS, all presented by tractor salesmen, for disposing of that last team of horses. Don't!

The operator of a family-sized farm will find that replacing his last team (which cost about \$100) with a tractor (which will cost \$1200) is not a panacea for reducing his labor and increasing his profits.

It is true that a tractor does not have to be fed on the days that it is not used, but does a horse ever pick up a flat or run out of gas on the far back forty? And is a tractor capable of producing a baby tractor which will grow into a replacement for it? The answer to both of these questions is obviously no, as are the answers to the following: Can a tractor use fuel which is produced on the farm? Or does the fuel burned in the tractor produce manure?

While the tractor salesman will attempt to impress you, the prospective customer, with the many uses for the eight-horsepower pull generated at the draw-bar, he will undoubtedly neglect to mention the numerous small farm jobs for which two horsepower are more than sufficient.

Even though the tractor is many times more powerful than the team which it replaces, this increase in available power is greatly offset by the inability of a man working alongside to guide the tractor by simply shouting "Giddup" or "Whoa." An additional man is needed to drive the tractor in many operations which would otherwise be one-man jobs.

The supersalesman who approaches you will not be content with selling only a \$1200 tractor, but will rightly insist that to farm properly with your new tractor you must purchase a complete line of tractor machinery for \$2000.

For those of you who continue to gaze longingly at the brilliantly colored pictures in the salesman's portfolio, I want to cite two more examples of the superiority of the horse.

Think back over the many times that your team was borrowed by a neighbor, in the winter, to haul feed to cattle which he was unable to reach with his tractor because of the snow, or in the spring, to separate the mighty gasburner from its nemesis, mud, which rendered it powerless to move.

While you are reminiscing, go a little farther back. Do the salesman's wonderful claims for his machine make any mention of its ability to find its way home late at night, over darkened roads, with a sleigh, or hayrack, filled with teen-agers too busy to guide it?

# Farmers

WILLIAM H. KELLOGG

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

THE PEOPLE WHO RAISE THE CROPS AND ANIMALS that provide our food are often thought of as just farmers by those of us who have not lived among them. Our rural neighbors, however, differ from each other like any other class of people. By their attitude toward their occupation and the quality of farming they do, they fall into three general groups: the periodic farmer, a sunny-day man whose ambition is to make a living by doing no more work than is necessary; the gentleman farmer, a sophisticated man who toys with some hobby while hired men do most of his work; and the scientific farmer, a prosperous man who strives to use his time as efficiently as possible.

The periodic farmer is a man of little education. His way of farming requires little knowledge. He depends mainly on cash crops and hogs for his income, since they require a minimum of care. Because he is allergic to chores, he keeps only one or two cows to supply his own milk. His pigs are kept in the same convenient, unsanitary lot their ancestors occupied. They get a straight corn diet, with never quite enough to satisfy their appetites. His plan of crop rotation includes only corn and soy beans. He plants straight rows regardless of the contour of his fields. The fields are constantly exposed to erosion, and their fertility is rapidly depleted through his lack of rotation and replacement of necessary minerals. The buildings and fences on his farm are quite neglected and therefore dilapidated. His car also receives only the attention necessary to keep it running. He can see no use in keeping records; to him, they would be a waste of time which he could better spend loafing. His periodic farming occupies him only a few days at a time and rarely at all in winter.

The gentleman farmer differs from the shiftless farmer in that he possesses a shiny, well-kept car and a high school education. However, he seems to know very little about his vocation. He may be making a living or relying on an inheritance. At any rate, he does very little work himself. He depends on his employees to get things done. His main interest is his hobby, which may be a herd of purebred animals, his machinery, or anything connected with his farm. The trouble with the gentleman farmer is that he farms out of proportion. His hobby, whatever it may be, receives more attention and more financial care than is practical. If, for example, his main interest is a certain breed of cattle, he buys the best stock available and spends extravagantly for its care and management. Meanwhile, all the other parts of his farm go unheeded. His land and crops receive only a minimum of care.



Also he keeps records only on his hobby. In his artificial superiority, he is eager to show off his herd to anyone who may be interested, convincing himself, if no one else, that he is a genius of agriculture.

The scientific farmer is a man who is well educated in every aspect of agriculture. Often he possesses a college education. He is a wise farmer and a business-like man as well. Every operation he puts into practice on his farm is profitable, and he keeps records to prove that. Usually he depends on his livestock for his main income. He keeps the number of his animals balanced to the capacity of his land. He raises his pigs in a clean pasture where swine have not been for at least three years. He raises purebred stock because he knows that they can be kept in prime condition with less feed than scrub animals. His rolling fields are cultivated on the contour to prevent the rapid escape of water and the loss of soil. By the use of legumes in his crop rotation plan and the application of mineral fertilizers to his soil, he keeps his fields capable of producing high crop yields. His homestead is neat and attractive, and although his automobile may not be a late model, he keeps it, like everything else, in perfect condition. For everything that the scientific farmer does, he has behind it a scientific reason.

The group that a farmer falls into could reasonably be determined by his ambition and intelligence. The periodic farmer of course lacks both of these and is therefore least successful in his work. The gentleman farmer, though intelligent, lacks the ambition which makes the scientific farmer a success.

## Thanks!

JOHN WEITER

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947*

A FEW MONTHS AGO A CRUDE, VULGAR MOB OF RUTH-  
less killers, posing as sane and law-abiding citizens of a small southern town, abducted two negro men and their wives. Fired with a blood-lust, the "righteous townfolk" beat the negroes mercilessly, strung their victims from a tree, then fired blasts from a shotgun into the limp, swaying forms. Justice was done!

Some time later the "strange fruit" borne by the tree was plucked and carried away in silence. One of the still forms had been a soldier who had just returned home from duty. He had been accused of a crime unknown to half his judges and executioners. Because of this crime, four people were horribly mutilated and slaughtered — four innocent people, for the veteran had been wrongfully accused. What gratitude for a job well done was this soldier shown on his homecoming!

A more recent case, that of the twenty-one cab drivers who lynched a negro because of his supposed part in the murder of a fellow cab driver, reeks with an equally strong stench. Brought to trial for their crime, the twenty-one confessed killers were soon freed. The judge sitting on the case turned his back upon the jury in disgust and contempt. In freeing the prisoners, the jurors convicted themselves of bigotry, prejudice, hate, and total disregard for the freedom so many millions fought for so recently. In convicting themselves, they also convicted every American in the eyes of the other nations of the world. They branded every American with an indelible mark of shame. By setting free the "mad dogs" who tore the victim apart with such abandon, the jury deliberately thwarted justice, and showed the world the total disregard for the difference between right and wrong we can achieve in America.

The hate towards the negro which seethes not only among the illiterates of the South, but also among many of the supposedly well-educated and intelligent men throughout the country, has become our great national disgrace. America is on trial before all the nations of the world in her attempt to achieve and hold the position as leader of the world. Democracy, which provides equal rights to all men, regardless of race, creed, and color, as practiced in America is becoming a great farce. The peace that must be molded now to protect the world is as important as the great war fought to bring about that peace. America has earned the right to take a leading position in forming a world peace by her leading position in the war — earned this right with the bodies of thousands of her men. And now a handful of men is taking this right away. For what value will the counsel of the Americans hold in world affairs when the Americans cannot well manage their own affairs? Who will listen to the American appeals for freedom for all men, when all men within American borders are not free? Who will heed the American call for justice when justice is so totally disregarded? What fatal damage to so many deserving is being done by so few undeserving!

The judge who turned his back upon the jury neglected to give the usual thanks of the court to the people of the jury. Let us, then, give thanks to those who thought it best to free twenty-one murderers to show the North it cannot "meddle" in the South's business. Let us also give thanks to the mob who killed the four innocent people, but who showed the "nigger" his place in society. Let us give thanks to all those who preach their doctrine of hate against other men, and who thereby mock the soldier dead, who shame the founders of the great Democracy of the United States, who tie the hands of the law, and who want to extinguish Liberty. They are doing a great and thorough job. They are putting the negro in his place, and at the same time putting America in her place — low man on the totem pole, at the bottom of the heap.



# Rhet as Writ

My wife and I are planning a vacation trip this summer. We plan to be away for two months during the month of August.

. . . . .

Marriage, which no family should be without, has been disregarded as a happy institution.

. . . . .

It was often said that "A great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a man."

. . . . .

The prices landlords charge for what they call rooms: That is what we call looking a man square in the face and having your throat cut before your very eyes.

. . . . .

It is the fortunate housewife who is able to phone her grocer, repeat to him her specific desires, and later unpack them in her own kitchen.

. . . . .

Queen Victoria wore the Kohinoor as a necklace and Queen Alexandra in a crown.

. . . . .

*Who's Who*: This book is an English publication containing short biographical sketches of dead personalities.

. . . . .

The exercise of the legs should be especially tuff, for without legs a man could not expect to be a good football player.

. . . . .

## Spelling Reform — 1947

Military and Navel Magazine  
the Untied States  
Bolder Dam  
formals and genes  
satisfactory martial relations  
a happy carfree life

soil conversation  
an impassible face  
personnel appearance  
a small poodle of water  
foot rationing